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To PORTLAND  
ON  
CASCO BAY

CLARA ADELLA GOULD









SURF SCENE

# TO PORTLAND ON CASCO BAY

CLARA ADELIA GOOLD

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PORTLAND  
SMITH & SALE, PRINTERS  
1916

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TO PORTLAND ON CASCO BAY

1857





## TO PORTLAND ON CASCO BAY

**T**HY lovers sing thy many charms,  
O Portland, clasped within the arms  
Of Casco Bay,  
Whose throbbing pulses 'gainst thee beat,  
Whose waves wash e'er thy naked feet  
Day after day.





A lovely Forest City thou,  
For Spring weaves garlands round thy brow  
    In vernal crown,  
That ever tempers summer's heats  
In tree-embowered parks and streets,  
    Belovèd town.

Thy peopled hills, rock-ribbed and bold,  
O'erlook the isle-gemmed ocean old  
    And country-side;  
To wide horizon's distant bound,  
With zone of beauty world-renowned,  
    Thou 'rt glorified.



We sing thy homes, each sacred spot  
From mansion high to humble cot;  
    For what degree,  
The home with school and church shall be  
The trinity that maketh thee,  
    Ours on the sea.

We sing the harbor at thy side  
Where proudest ocean-ship may ride;  
    Thy sheltered strand,  
With busy wharves where ship or fleet  
Can lay their treasures at thy feet,  
    From ev'ry land.



O bright gleams many an island-gem  
That deck full fair thy garment's hem  
    Adown the bay ;  
Rock-bound, beach-dimpled and wood-crowned,  
With inn and cottage grouped around  
    For summer's day.

How soft the summer sunshine smiles  
Upon these cool, enchanted isles,  
    With airs so clear  
That tourists come back o'er and o'er,  
As birds return to favored shore,  
    Year after year ;



And summer playgrounds for thine own  
Grown children who have not outgrown

    Their need of rest,  
Their souls' delight for pastures green,  
For cooling airs, for waters sheen,—  
    Their happy quest;

Thy barrier-isles, where evermore  
Old Ocean pounds their rocky shore,  
    So thy blue bay  
Is haven safe; with throngs elate  
The steamers ply, and sea-craft wait  
    Propitious day.





On isles and shore, the beacons bright  
With earth-born stars illumine the night,  
    Whose constant rays  
Send messages across the dark  
To stately ship and humble bark,  
    To guide their ways.

Staunch stand thy forts, from adverse fates  
To guard and keep thy city's gates ;  
    Forever they  
Will watch the highways of the sea,  
Lest danger come to thine and thee  
    By night or day.





DEERING'S OAKS



We sing thy parks ; when hot sun falls  
On adamantine walks and walls  
    And pavèd streets,  
On crowded homes and where thy heart  
Throbs fastest in the busy mart,  
    What blest retreats,

In sacred precincts set apart,  
Where Nature joins with kindly Art,  
    And lo ! there smile  
Thy shady parks so fresh and fair  
Where all may breathe the cooling air,  
    And hours beguile ;



Where Art strikes with divining rod,  
Till fountain bursts from out the sod  
    To fall in spray ;  
Makes arid spaces bud and bloom  
Till many flowers with sweet perfume  
    Make glad the day ;

And Deering's Oaks where roves the throng  
Are hallowed by the light of song  
    The wide earth o'er ;  
Idyllic oaks a forest make,  
The hollow glade is limpid lake  
    With pleasant shore ;





And there by rustic bridge 't is spanned,  
Here boats are sailing near the land ;  
    And there on isle  
The ducks' lone house with ornate walls,  
And here the sparkling fountain falls  
    In spray the while.

Fair Portland! yet still more art blest  
In children of thy sacred breast, —  
    A mother's pride ;  
And far and wide full many a name  
Now lights thee with a noble fame  
    To aye abide ;





EARLY HOME OF LONGFELLOW



The bard was thine whose sweet words reach  
Around the world in rhythmic speech ;

    His dreams of thee  
Brought back his youth ; O hallowed earth  
Art thou, the city of his birth,  
    Upon the sea.

He gave to thee, he loved so well,  
A flower of song, an immortelle ;  
    Fresh as to-day,  
Untouched by time, 't will sing of thee,  
And give thee immortality  
    Fore'er and aye.



And one for happier firesides wrought  
From palace hall to lowly cot,—

He was thine own ;

Whose earnest work has grown and bound  
With ribbons white the world around,

Linked zone with zone.

Another, an illustrious son,  
Who in the Nation's halls has won

Immortal fame ;

Whose words and deeds on history's page  
Will glorify from age to age

His honored name.





Here 'neath a church's sacred dome  
A world-wide movement had its home,  
    When earnest band  
Pledged faithful service to their King;  
Lo! legions now allegiance bring  
    From ev'ry land.

O many more of thine have wrought  
With hand or heart or power of thought,  
    For good or need;  
They 've helped to make thy honored name,  
Have helped to build thy glorious fame,  
    By deed on deed.



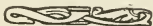


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Praise to the hardy pioneers,  
Led thee victorious through the years  
Of perils all;  
Who planted on thy storied ground  
When with primeval forest crowned,  
A hamlet small.

In the long ages yet to be,  
May children thine, Town by the sea,  
Make fairer name;  
Long as thy rock-ribbed hills shall stand,  
Long as thy blue waves kiss the land,  
Increase thy fame.





















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